

By such a lowly Vassall as thy selfe.

Thy words moue Rage, and not remorse in me:

I go of Message from the Queene to France:

I charge thee waite me safely crosse the Channell.

*Lieu.* Water: W. Come Suffolke, I must waite thee to thy death.

*Suf.* *Pine gelidus timor occupat artus*, it is thee I feare.

*Wal.* Thou shalt haue cause to feare before I leaue thee.

What, are ye danted now? Now will ye stoope.

*1. Gent.* My gracious Lord intreat him, speak him fair.

*Suf.* Suffolkes Imperiall tongue is sterne and rough:

Vs'd to command, vntaught to pleade for fauour.

Farre be it, we should honor such as these

With humble suite: no, rather let my head

Stoope to the blocke, then these knees bow to any,

Saue to the God of heauen, and to my King:

And sooner dance vpon a bloody pole,

Then stand vncouer'd to the Vulgar Groome.

True Nobility, is exempt from feare:

More can I beare, then you dare execute.

*Lieu.* Hale him away, and let him talke no more:

Come Souldiers, shew what crueltye ye can.

*Suf.* That this my death may neuer be forget.

Great men oft dye by vilde Bezonions.

A Romane Sworde, and Bandetto slaue

Murder'd sweet Tully. *Brum.* Bastard hand

Stab'd Iulius Caesar. Saueage Islanders

Pompey the Great, and Suffolke dyes by Pyrats.

*Exit Water with Suffolke.*

*Lieu.* And as for these whose ransom we haue let,

It is our pleasure one of them depart:

Therefore come you with vs, and let him go.

*Exit Lieutenant, and the rest.*

*Manet the first Gent. Enter Walter with the body.*

*Wal.* There let his head, and hurelesse bodie lye,

Vntill the Queene his Mistis bury it. *Exit Walter.*

*1. Gent.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle,

His body will I beare vnto the King:

If he reuenge it not, yet will his Friends,

So will the Queene, that living, held him deere.

*Enter Benis, and Iohn Holland.*

*Benis.* Come and get thee a sword, though made of a Lath, they haue bene vp these two dayes.

*Hol.* They haue the more neede to sleepe now then.

*Benis.* I tell thee, Iacke Cade the Cloathier, meanes to dresse the Common-wealth and turne it, and set a new nap vpon it.

*Hol.* So he had need, for 'tis thred-bare. Well, I say, it was neuer merrie world in England, since Gentlemen came vp.

*Benis.* O miserable Age: Vertue is not regarded in Handy-crafts men.

*Hol.* The Nobilitie thinke scorn to goe in Leather Aprons.

*Benis.* Nay more, the Kings Councell are no good Workemen.

*Hol.* True: and yet it is said, Labour in thy Vocation: which is as much to say, as let the Magistrates be labouring men, and therefore should we be Magistrates.

*Benis.* Thou hast hit it: for there's no better signe of a braue minde, then a hard hand.

*Hol.* I see them, I see them: There's *Bests* Sonne, the Tanner of Wingham.

*Benis.* Hee shall haue the skinnes of our enemies, to

make Dogges Leather of.

*Hol.* And Dicke the Butcher.

*Benis.* Then is hee strucke downe like an Oxe, and iniquities throte cut like a Calfe.

*Hol.* And Smith the Weauer.

*Ben.* Argo, their thred of life is spun.

*Hol.* Come, come, let's fall in with them.

*Drumme.* Enter Cade, Dicke Butcher, Smith the Weauer, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.

*Cade.* Wee Iohn Cade, so teard'm'd of our supposed Father.

*But.* Or rather of stealing a Cade of Herrings.

*Cade.* For our enemies shall faile before vs, inspired with the spirit of putting down Kings and Princes, Com-mand silence.

*But.* Silence.

*Cade.* My Father was a Mortimer.

*But.* He was an honest man, and a good Bricklayer.

*Cade.* My mother a Plantagenet.

*But.* I knew her well, she was a Midwife.

*Cade.* My wife descended of the Lacies.

*But.* She was indeed a Pedlers daughter, & sold many Laces.

*Weauer.* But now of late, not able to trauell with her furr'd Packe, she washes buckes here at home.

*Cade.* Therefore am I of an honorable house.

*But.* I by my faith, the field is honorable, and there was he borne, vnder a hedge: for his Father had neuer a house but the Cage.

*Cade.* Valiant I am.

*Weauer.* A must needs, for beggery is valiant.

*Cade.* I am able to endure much.

*But.* No question of that: for I haue scene him whipe three Market dayes together.

*Cade.* I feare neither sword, nor fire.

*Wea.* He neede not feare the sword, for his Coate is of proofe.

*But.* But me thinks he should stand in feare of fire, being burnt i'th hand for stealing of Sheepe.

*Cade.* Be braue then, for your Capitaine is Braue, and Vowes Reformation. There shall be in England, seven halfe peny Loanes sold for a peny: the three hoop'd pot, shall haue ten hoopes, and I wil make it Fellony to drink small Beere. All the Realme shall be in Common, and in Cheapside shall my Palfrey go to graffe: and when I am King, as King I will be.

*All.* God saue your Maiesty.

*Cade.* I thanke you good people. There shall be no money, all shall eate and drinke on my score, and I will apparrell them all in one Liurey, that they may agree like Brothers, and worship me their Lord.

*But.* The first thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers.

*Cade.* Nay, that I meane to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe should be made Parchment; that Parchment being scribeld ore, should vndoe a man. Some say the Bee stings; but I say, 'tis the Bees waxe: for I did but seale once to a thing, and I was neuer mine owne man since. How now? Who's there?

*Enter a Clarke.*

*Weauer.* The Clarke of Charram: hee can write and reade, and cast accompt.

*Cade.* O monstrous.

*Wea.* We tooke him setting of boyes Copies.

*Cade.*

*Cade.* Here's a Villaine.

*Wea.* He's a Booke in his pocket with red Letters in't

*Cade.* Nay then he is a Coniurer.

*But.* Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court

hand.

*Cade.* I am sorry for't: The man is a proper man of

mine Honour: vnlesse I finde him guilty, he shall not die.

Come hither sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy

name?

*Clarke.* Emannell.

*But.* They vse to writ it on the top of Letters: 'Twill

go hard with you.

*Cade.* Let me alone: Dost thou vse to write thy name?

Or hast thou a marke to thy selfe, like a honest plain dealing man?

*Clarke.* Sir I thanke God, I haue bin so well brought

vp, that I can write my name.

*All.* He hath confest: away with him: he's a Villaine

and a Traitor.

*Cade.* Away with him I say: Hang him with his Pen

and Inke-horne about his necke.

*Exit one with the Clarke*

*Enter Michael.*

*Mich.* Where's our Generall?

*Cade.* Heere I am thou particular fellow.

*Mich.* Fly, fly, fly, Sir Humfrey Stafford and his brother

are hard by, with the Kings Forces.

*Cade.* Stand villaine, stand, or he fell thee downe: he

shall be encountered with a man as good as himselfe. He

is but a Knight, is a?

*Mich.* No.

*Cade.* To equall him I will make my selfe a knight, presently: Rife vp Sir Iohn Mortimer. Now haue at him.

*Enter Sir Humfrey Stafford, and his Brother,*

*with Drum and Soldiers.*

*Staff.* Rebellious Hinds, the filth and scum of Kent, Mark'd for the Gallowes: Lay your Weapons downe, Home to your Cottages: forsake this Groome.

The King is mercifull, if you reuolt.

*Bro.* But angry, wrathfull, and inclin'd to blood,

If you go forward: therefore yeeld, or dye.

*Cade.* As for these filken-coated slaues I passe not,

It is to you good people, that I speake,

ouer whom (in time to come) I hope to raigne:

For I am rightfull heire vnto the Crowne.

*Staff.* Villaine, thy Father was a Playsterer,

And thou thy selfe a Sheareman, art thou not?

*Cade.* And Adam was a Gardiner.

*Bro.* And what of that?

*Cade.* Marry, this Edmund Mortimer Earle of March,

married the Duke of Clarence daughter, did he not?

*Staff.* I sir.

*Cade.* By her he had two children at one birth.

*Bro.* That's false.

*Cade.* I, there's the question; But I say, 'tis true:

The elder of them being put to nurse,

Was by a begger-woman stolne away,

And ignorant of his birth and parentage,

Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age,

His sonne am I, deny it if you can.

*But.* Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be King.

*Wea.* Sir, he made a Chimney in my Fathers house, &

the bricke are aliue at this day to testifie it: therefore

deny it not.

*Staff.* And will you credi

that speaks he knows not

*All.* I marry will we: c

*Bro.* Iacke Cade, the D.

*Cade.* He lyes, for I inue

rah, tell the King from me,

ry the fist, (in whose time,

for French Crownes) I am c

be Protector ouer him.

*Butcher.* And furthermore

head, for selling the Dukeds

*Cade.* And good reason: f

And faine to go with a staff

it vp. Fellow-Kings, I tell

gelded the Commonwealt

more then that, he can spea

a Traitor.

*Staff.* O grosse and miser

*Cade.* Nay answer if you

enemies: go too then, I ask

with the tongue of an enem

no?

*All.* No, no, and therese

*Bro.* Well, seeing gentl

Affail them with the Army

*Staff.* Herald away, and

Proclaime them Traitors th

That those which flye befo

May euen in their Wiues ar

Be hang'd vp for example a

And you that be the Kings

*Cade.* And you that lou

Now shew your felucies me

We will not leaue one Lor

Spare none, but such as ge

For they are thrifty honest

As would (but that they d

*But.* They are all in or

*Cade.* But then are we i

of order. Come, march fo

*Alarums to the fight, where*

*Enter Cade.*

*Cade.* Where's Dicke,

*But.* Heere sir.

*Cade.* They fell before

thou behaued'st thy selfe,

owne Slaughter-house: T

the Lent shall bee as long

haue a License to kill for a

*But.* I desire no more.

*Cade.* And to speake tr

This Monument of the vid

dies shall be dragg'd at m

London, where we will h

fore vs.

*But.* If we meane to th

the Gaules, and let out th

*Cade.* Feare not that I v

towards London.

*Enter the King with a Supp*

*folkes head, the Dm*

*Queene.* Off haue I hear